

SMILIN' ED'S OWN
BUSTER BROWN

**BOOK
No 5**

COMICS



In this Issue:
DAUGHTER OF THE PYRAMIDS
RED SUN - BLACK IVORY

Kids! Don't miss our show every Saturday

WOAI

PAYNE'S SHOE STORE

SHOES FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

X-RAY FITTED

HARLINGEN, McALLEN, BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS



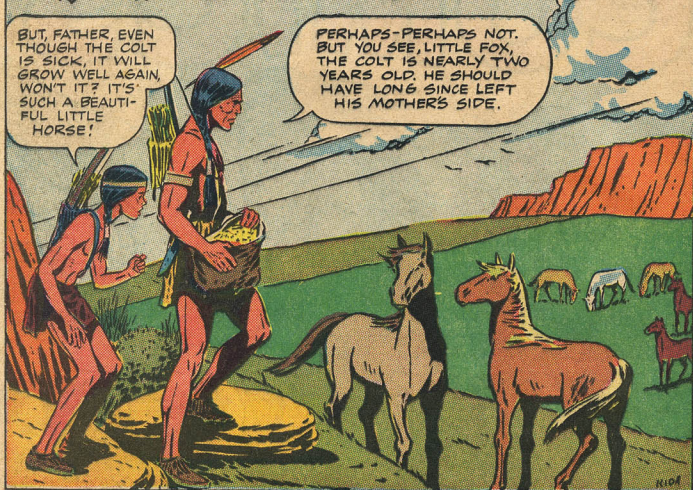


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Red Sun

BUT, FATHER, EVEN THOUGH THE COLT IS SICK, IT WILL GROW WELL AGAIN, WON'T IT? IT'S SUCH A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE HORSE!

PERHAPS-PERHAPS NOT. BUT YOU SEE, LITTLE FOX, THE COLT IS NEARLY TWO YEARS OLD. HE SHOULD HAVE LONG SINCE LEFT HIS MOTHER'S SIDE.

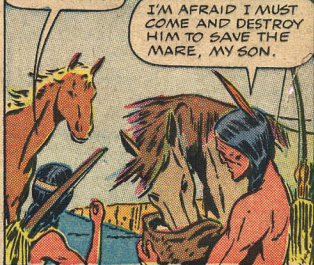
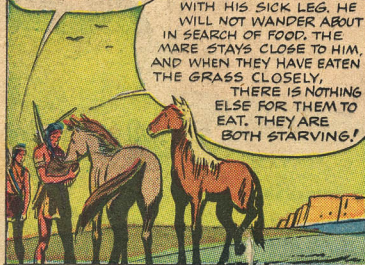


BUT I AM GROWING TO YOUNG MANHOOD, FATHER...AND STILL I LIKE TO BE NEAR MY MOTHER!

BUT YOU DO NOT KEEP YOUR MOTHER FROM EATING HER FOOD. YOU SEE, MY SON, THE COLT CAN BARELY WALK WITH HIS SICK LEG. HE WILL NOT WANDER ABOUT IN SEARCH OF FOOD. THE MARE STAYS CLOSE TO HIM, AND WHEN THEY HAVE EATEN THE GRASS CLOSELY, THERE IS NOTHING ELSE FOR THEM TO EAT. THEY ARE BOTH STARVING!

IS THERE NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR HIM, FATHER? SEE THE LONG SLOPE OF THE SHOULDER...THE DEEP CHEST.. HE WILL BE FAST AND BRAVE IF HE GROWS UP!

I'M AFRAID I MUST COME AND DESTROY HIM TO SAVE THE MARE, MY SON.



I DO NOT LIKE THIS THING, SON... BUT OUR LIVES DEPEND ON THE MEAT I CAN BRING TO OUR LODGE. THE MARE IS MY BEST HUNTING HORSE. I CANNOT LET HER DIE FOR A COLT WHO WILL PROBABLY ALWAYS BE LAME!



And so the code of the wild is taught to the young Indian boy. His father, chief of his tribe, is a kindly man - but he knows that sometimes a sacrifice must be made. Either the colt must die or the fine mare, mother of the colt, will starve herself to death to stay by the side of her ailing youngster...



BUT THAT NIGHT BEFORE THE FIRE, LITTLE FOX THOUGHT HARD, FOR HE HATED TO SEE THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE SORREL COLT DIE... AND QUIETLY AFTER EVERYONE ELSE HAD CRAWLED UNDER BUFFALO ROBES TO SLEEP, HE CREEPT OUT OF THE TEEPEE, PICKED UP A LEATHER BAG OF GRAIN AND A BRAIDED BRIDLE, AND WENT DOWN THE SLOPE TO THE MARE AND HER COLT...

S-O-O, LITTLE HORSE, I HAVE SOMETHING IN THIS BAG YOU WILL LIKE!



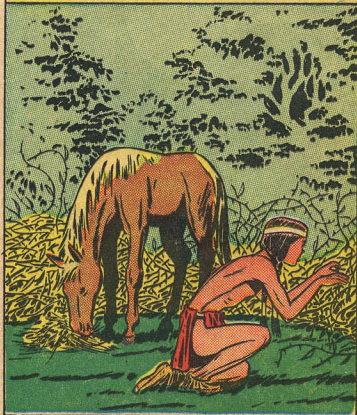
... LITTLE HORSE, YOU DO NOT RUN, YET I CAN SEE YOU ARE FEARFUL. YOU MUST BE VERY SICK!



NOW, WE'RE GETTING ALONG WELL, AREN'T WE? I DON'T THINK YOU'RE AFRAID OF ME, ARE YOU, LITTLE HORSE? BUT WILL YOU FOLLOW ME?



AND SO, LITTLE FOX MAKES HIS FIRST EFFORT TO WIN THE LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL LITTLE COLT WHO SEEMS DOOMED TO DIE, OR BE LAME.



MY SON, YOU SEEM HARDLY ABLE TO WAIT FOR YOUR FOOD. WHY THIS IMPATIENCE?

OH...I..I.. HAVE MUCH TO DO TODAY, FATHER! NEKEWA...ARE YOU COMING INTO THE WOODS WITH ME TODAY?

OH, YES! YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN ME INTO THE WOODS FOR NEARLY THE LENGTH OF A MOON!



SEE, NEKEWA...WHAT A TERRIBLE WOUND! I'M SURE IT WAS A PANTHER OR PERHAPS EVEN A BEAR...AND NOW THE WOUND HAS A SICKNESS IN IT. I WILL HAVE TO THROW HIM AND LOOK CAREFULLY.

ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN HELP HIM, LITTLE FOX? PERHAPS IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER TO PUT HIM OUT OF HIS PAIN AS FATHER WANTED TO DO!





I THINK THE LITTLE HORSE WAS SURPRISED WHEN YOU THREW HIM ON HIS SIDE. BUT HE'LL KNOW SOON THAT WE'RE HIS FRIENDS.

OH YES. AND, NEKEWA—THIS SICKNESS IN HIS LEG FROM HIS WOUND—I KNOW HOW TO CURE IT WITH HERBS. THIS IS JUST AS I WAS HURT ONCE, AND I REMEMBER HOW WELL OUR MOTHER CURED IT!



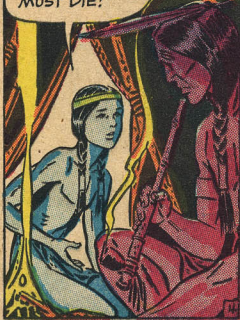
AND SO, LITTLE FOX PREPARED AND PUT ON THE WOUND POULTICES OF HERBS WHICH DREW OUT THE INFECTION. IN A SHORT TIME THE COLT WAS WALKING WELL, AND SOON TROTTING AROUND THEIR LITTLE CLEARING. BUT ONE DAY LITTLE FOX WAS RETURNING FROM A HUNT WHEN NEKEWA RAN UP TO HIM OUT OF BREATH...

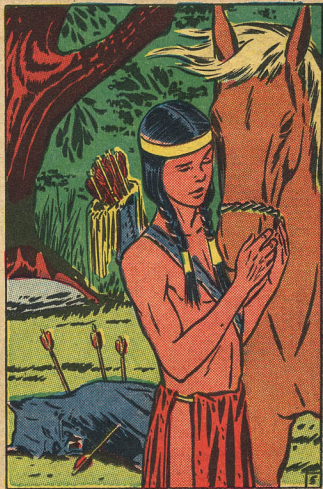
..AND YOU WISH TO BORROW MY HEAVY HUNTING BOW? WHY, LITTLE FOX..IS NOT YOUR OWN BOW GOOD?

I..I HAVE A SPECIAL REASON, FATHER. I GO TO SHOOT A PANTHER...AND THIS PANTHER MUST DIE!

SUCH EXCITEMENT, NEKEWA! HAVE YOU SEEN THE SPIRITS OF THE MOUNTAIN?

WORSE/MUCH WORSE, LITTLE FOX! I WENT TO THE LITTLE HORSE TO FEED HIM AS YOU ASKED ME TO, AND THERE I FOUND HIM VERY FRIGHTENED...AND ALL AROUND HIS THORN HOUSE WERE THE TRACKS OF A BIG PANTHER!





AND SO, SPRING AND HALF THE SUMMER PASSES THE COLT GAINS STRENGTH AND CONFIDENCE...AND WONDER OF WONDERS...HIS BAD WOUND HEALS PERFECTLY! LITTLE FOX NAMED HIM **RED SUN** BECAUSE OF HIS BRIGHT COLORING, AND TRAINED HIM CAREFULLY. IN A SHORT TIME THE LITTLE HORSE HAD LEARNED TO CARRY THE BOY ON HIS BACK. THEN THE TRAINING WAS REALLY FUN...



OUR FUN IS OVER, RED SUN. NOW I WILL HAVE TO TAKE YOU TO FORAGE ON THE SLOPE. THERE IS NO MORE GRAIN TO BRING YOU. AND NOW I MUST TELL MY FATHER WHAT I HAVE DONE. I HOPE HE IS NOT ANGRY.



I AM NOT ANGRY, MY SON. I HAVE SEEN THE RED HAIRS ON YOUR CLOTHING, BUT **YOUR** HORSE IS WHITE. I KNEW YOU HAD THE LITTLE COLT HIDDEN!

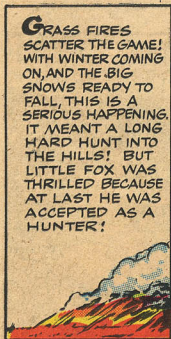
I CANNOT KEEP ANYTHING FROM YOU, FATHER. I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN. BUT SEE...MY RED SUN IS WELL...AND VERY FAST AND STRONG, FATHER!



TROUBLE HAS COME TO OUR LODGE, MY SON. IT IS WELL YOU HAVE A GOOD HORSE. GRASS FIRES ON THE PLAINS HAVE SCATTERED THE GAME TO THE HILLS. THERE IS DANGER OF A BAD SNOW. WE GO ON A HUNTING PARTY AND THE MEN IN **OUR** LODGE MUST LEAD.

FATHER! THEN I CAN JOIN THE HUNTING PARTY? - AT LAST!





RED SUN!
YOU CAME
BACK TO ME!

LITTLE FOX, HERE IS YOUR
CHANCE! PERHAPS
YOUR FINE HORSE CAN
GET YOU BACK TO OUR
VILLAGE. THEN, MORE
MEN WITH HORSES
CAN COME FOR US...
AND THE MEAT WILL
GET TO OUR PEOPLE!

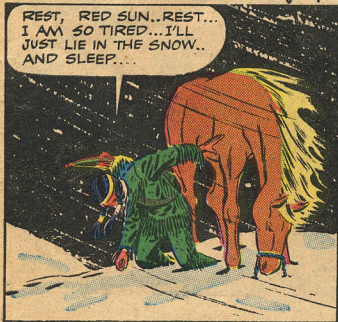


**RED SUN... WE RIDE INTO THE WHITE
DEATH! IT IS YOUR TASK TO TAKE ME
TO OUR PEOPLE. GO, RED SUN!!**

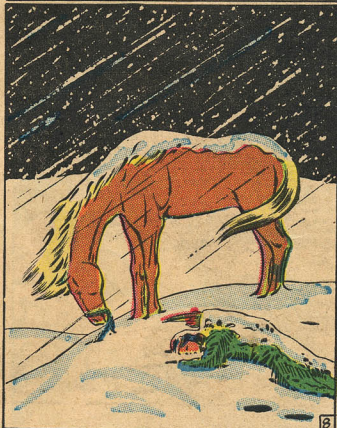


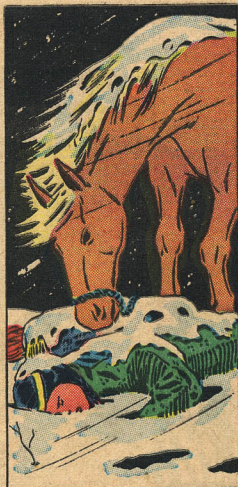
AND FOR TWO LONG, COLD DAYS--AND A
LONGER, COLDER NIGHT--THE BRAVE LITTLE
HORSE CARRIED HIS YOUNG MASTER OVER
SNOWDRIFTS, ACROSS PLAINS. LITTLE FOX
SUFFERED FROM FATIGUE AND COLD--
AND FINALLY THE HORSE STOPPED;
TOO TIRED TO MOVE A LEG.
LITTLE FOX DISMOUNTED AND....

REST, RED SUN...REST...
I AM SO TIRED...I'LL
JUST LIE IN THE SNOW...
AND SLEEP...

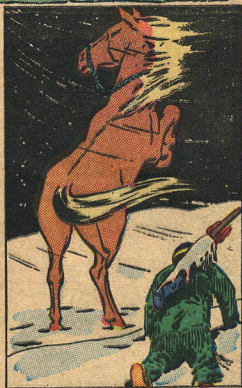


AND ONTO THE COLD GROUND FELL THE
LITTLE BOY...TO FALL INTO A COLD SLEEP--
THE SLEEP THAT OFTEN MEANT DEATH!





**BUT BEFORE LITTLE FOX
COULD COME TO HIS
SENSES, THE WOLVES WERE
UPON THEM! AND RED
SUN WENT INTO ACTION
LIKE A TORNADO!**



ROUSED FROM HIS SLEEP, LITTLE FOX FOUGHT ALONGSIDE RED SUN. FINALLY, DRIVING BACK THE WOLVES, LITTLE FOX FOUND TIME TO LEAP ONTO RED SUN'S BACK AND URGE HIM TO A GALLOP. THE WOLVES GAVE CHASE, BUT NOW RED SUN WAS RESTED, AND LITTLE FOX WAS READY FOR THEM!



THE FIGHT WAS LONG-BUT FINALLY THE WOLF PACK GAVE UP THE CHASE, AND THAT AFTERNOON, LATE...



WILLING HANDS TOOK LITTLE FOX TO HIS MOTHER'S WARM TEFEE, AND OTHERS TENDED TO RED SUN...

AND THERE IS PLENTY OF MEAT FOR ALL THE VILLAGE THIS WINTER. BUT YOU MUST GO AT ONCE. TAKE HORSES. PLENTY OF HORSES TO BRING BACK THE HUNTERS AND THE MEAT!



ALMOST AT ONCE ACROSS THE SNOW-FILLED PLAIN, A LONG CAVALCADE WOUND...



STRAIGHT TO THE CAVE THEY WENT, AND RETURNED WITH THE MEAT AND THE MEN... AND IT WAS NOT TOO LONG, WHEN...

AHH... THIS ANTELOPE TASTES GOOD... BETTER THAN EVER!

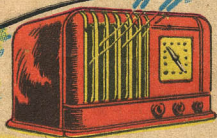
NO, MY SON! THE ANTELOPE TASTES AS IT ALWAYS DOES. THE DIFFERENCE IS YOU! YOUR MEAL WAS NOT JUST OF ANTELOPE... IT WAS A MEAL OF HARD WORK AND COURAGE AND SUFFERING! YOUR DAILY MEAT IS BETTER WHEN YOU FLAVOR IT WITH BRAVERY, PATIENCE AND LABOR!



Grandpa can FIX it!

SQUEAK
SQUOINK

Words and Music by
SMILIN' ED McCONNELL
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VERSE



CHORUS



may - be your old ra - di - o is squeal - ing like a pig,
may - be your re - frig - er - a - tor will not freeze the ice,
if you'd like to know why your pi - an - o's out of tune,



He'll twist that
He'll get this
And when he

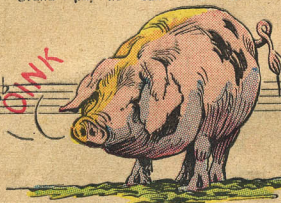


there's a hole in your old vac - uum clean - er sack, Just bring it to my
lit - tle what you call it on that lit - tle jig,
good old ham - mer out and whack it, once or twice,
tears it all a - part you'll find out might - y soon,



Grand - pa, he can fix it.

When Math - er's vac - uum clean - er
When our old ra - di - o broke
When our old ice box would - n't
Now when our old church or - gan



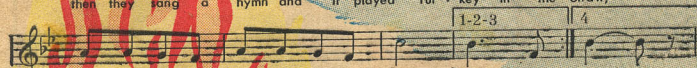
would - n't run or clean a thing, He
down my Grand - pa came and said: "I'll
freeze we did - n't have to hire a
broke he took a - long his saw and



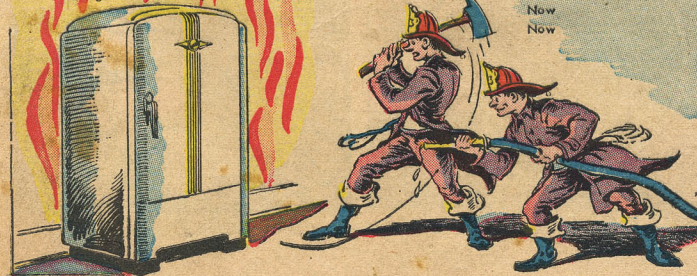
pushed a lit - tle gad - get and you should have heard it zing The
take that lit - tle wire off there and put it here in - stead, Now
spec - ial man to fix it 'cause my Grand - pa changed a wire And
fixed that good old or - gan up with - out a sin - gle flaw But



dog - gone thing ran back - wards, now there's dirt on ev - ry - thing, Just
when we want the pres - i - dent we tune in Smil - in' Ed,
right a - way it got so hot it set the house on fire,
then they sang a hymn and it played Tur - key in the Straw,



bring it to my Grand - pa, he can fix it. Now it



DAUGHTER of the PYRAMIDS

JINKO... THE FLOWER
IN THE VASE!
STRIKE IT!



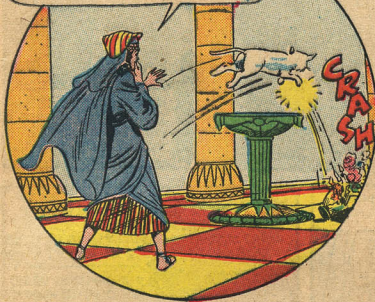
THOUSANDS
OF YEARS AGO
IN THE PALACE OF
KING THUR, PHARO
OF EGYPT, LITTLE NEBA
DAUGHTER OF THE
KEEPER OF THE CATS
PLAYS WITH HER
FAVORITE PET...

Le

JINKO — SEE THE
OTHER VASE NOW?
STRIKE IT!
STRIKE IT!



OH!!! NOW WE'VE BROKEN
A VASE! WE'D BETTER GET
OUT OF HERE QUIETLY
BEFORE SOMEONE SEES US!



AND SO NEBA, TO ESCAPE THE CON-
SEQUENCES OF THE BROKEN VASE,
PICKS UP HER PET, JINKO, AND HUR-
RIES DOWN THE HALL. BUT SUDDEN-
LY SHE STEPS INTO A NICHE, BECAUSE

IT IS A BARGAIN,
OH MOST HOLY ONE.
YOUR WORD IS
MY COMMAND!

YOU ARE A TRUE
AND FAITHFUL
SERVANT OF THE
GODDESS ISIS!
I SHALL REWARD
YOU WHEN I SIT
UPON THE THRONE.



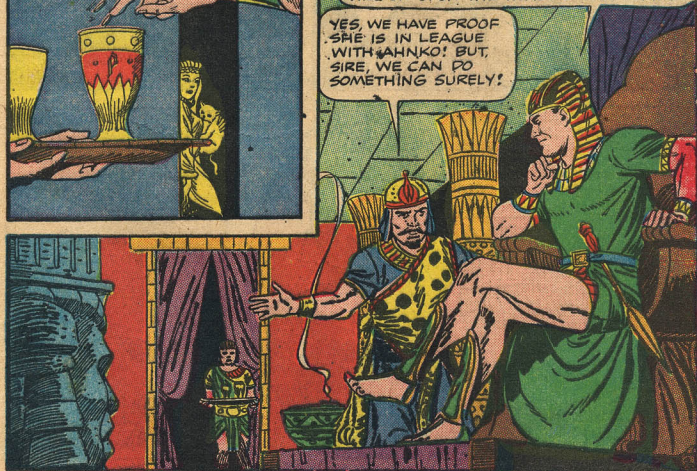
THERE! INTO THE PHARO'S
WINE GO THESE LITTLE
PELLETS AND TOMORROW
A NEW PHARO WILL
ASCEND THE THRONE!

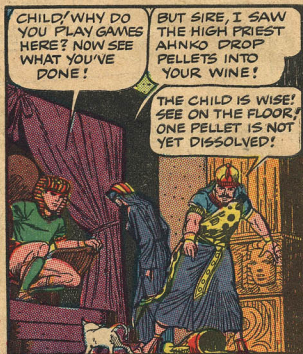
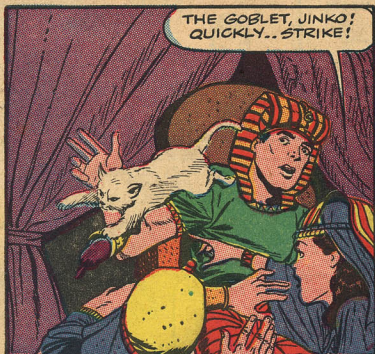


MEANWHILE..IN THE THRONE ROOM, KING
THUR, PHARO OF EGYPT, AND HIS GOOD
FRIEND, ZET THE COUNSELLOR, TALK OF
SERIOUS THINGS..

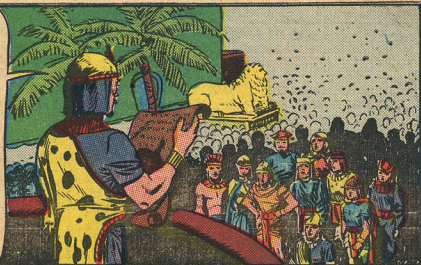
I FEAR MY ENEMIES WILL SOON ACT,
ZET! THEN MY WIFE, QUEEN NURNA
WILL SIT UPON THE THRONE WITH AHNKO!

YES, WE HAVE PROOF
SHE IS IN LEAGUE
WITH AHNKO! BUT,
SIRE, WE CAN DO
SOMETHING SURELY!





PEOPLE OF THE LAND OF EGYPT, SUBJECT OF THUR, PHARO OF THE COUNTRY OF THE NILE AND ITS DELTA, I BRING YOU A MESSAGE OF SADNESS. KING THUR IS DEAD! HIS BODY, SWATHED IN THE BANDAGES OF THE DEAD WILL LIE IN STATE IN THE TEMPLE OF OSIRIS, GOD OF THE DEAD, FOR NINE DAYS, AFTER WHICH HE WILL JOIN HIS FATHER IN THE CRYPT OF THE GREAT PYRAMID. FOR THREE DAYS YOU MAY VIEW HIM. GO THEN AND LOOK UPON YOUR PHARO FOR THE LAST TIME! KING THUR, SELAH!



BUT LITTLE NEBA, SADDENED BECAUSE HER BELOVED PHARO WAS DEAD, DID NOT JOIN THE CROWD OF PEOPLE WHO WENT TO THE TEMPLE TO VIEW HIM. INSTEAD SHE WAITED UNTIL THE NIGHT OF THE FOURTH DAY, WHEN THE TEMPLE WAS CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC. SHE ENTERED BY THE SECRET PASSAGE-WAY WHICH LED FROM THE PALACE DIRECTLY TO THE TEMPLE OF OSIRIS. THE DARK TEMPLE WITH THE TALL LEAPING SHADOWS FROM THE TORCHES WHICH LIGHTED IT, WAS VERY FRIGHTENING.

OH, OSIRIS' TEMPLE IS FRIGHTENING AFTER DARK, JINKO! I'M A LITTLE BIT AFRAID, ALTHOUGH I SHOULDN'T BE! OH...THERE IS THE PHARO! COME-WE'LL GO OVER TO HIM!



HE IS DEAD, JINKO! NEVER AGAIN WILL WE COME INTO THE THRONE ROOM TO SIT ON THE THRONE STEPS AND TALK! AND NEVER AGAIN WILL EGYPT HAVE SUCH A KINDLY RULER. AHNKO ALREADY SITS UPON THE THRONE, AND ALREADY THE PEOPLE HATE HIM!



JINKO! THE MUMMY! THE MUMMY OF THE KING MOVES! BUT HE CANNOT MOVE! HE IS DEAD!



HOLD, MY LITTLE NEBA! YOU DID NOT FEAR ME WHEN I WAS ALIVE! WHY SHOULD YOU BE FRIGHTENED OF ME NOW THAT I AM...DEAD?

B. BUT...MUMMIES CANNOT WALK OR TALK! THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG, NOBLE PHARO!



THERE ARE MANY THINGS WRONG, LITTLE NEBA, AND SOME DAY YOU WILL LEARN THEM! BUT WHEN YOU RETURN TO THE PALACE, YOU MIGHT TELL THE OTHERS THAT THE MUMMY OF THE PHARO AROSE FROM THE DEAD AND TALKED TO YOU!



AND OF COURSE, AFTER THE AMAZING THING THAT HAPPENED IN THE TEMPLE OF OSIRIS, LITTLE NEBA COULD HARDLY BE EXPECTED TO KEEP QUIET. SHE TOLD MANY PEOPLE IN THE PALACE OF THE STRANGE HAPPENING.... HOW THE MUMMY, THE DEAD PHARO THUR, ROSE FROM HIS MUMMY-CASE SWATHED IN BANDAGES AND TALKED TO HER. SHE TOLD HOW JINKO THE CAT JUMPED UP TO THE CASKET TO HIS OLD FRIEND, AND HOW THE MUMMY HAD PETTED JINKO. AND MANY A PERSON LOOKED FEARFULLY AROUND AS HE OR SHE PASSED THROUGH THE CAVERNOUS HALLS. PERHAPS THE MOST NERVOUS OF ALL WAS AHNKO, THE HIGH PRIEST, WHO TALKED WITH THE QUEEN, NURNA...

I KNOW IT IS FOOLISH TO BELIEVE THAT THUR AROSE FROM THE DEAD, BUT THEY DO SAY HE WAS BELOVED BY OSIRIS THE GOD OF DEATH, NURNA

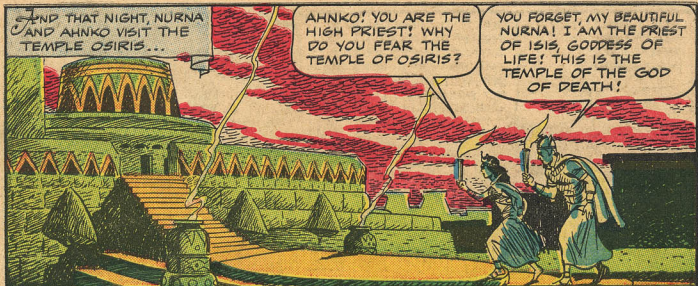


YOU ARE A FOOL! YOU WANT ME FOR A WIFE... YOU WANTED TO RULE EGYPT! IN A FEW DAYS WE WILL RULE EGYPT... IN A FEW DAYS WE WILL RULE AS WE WISH, AND LEVY TAXES AND TAXES!...AND I WILL HAVE THE GOLD AND JEWELS I WISH TO HAVE!

BUT I AM FEARFUL, NURNA! THE PEOPLE ARE SAYING THE CAT HE PETTED IS THERE NOW TO RECEIVE HIS SOUL!

THE PEOPLE ARE FOOLS! I WILL QUIET YOUR FEARS! TONIGHT WE'LL GO TO THE TEMPLE OSIRIS AND SEE KING THUR IN HIS CASKET... QUITE DEAD!!





AND THAT NIGHT, NURNA
AND AHNKO VISIT THE
TEMPLE OSIRIS...

AHNKO! YOU ARE THE
HIGH PRIEST! WHY
DO YOU FEAR THE
TEMPLE OF OSIRIS?

YOU FORGET, MY BEAUTIFUL
NURNA! I AM THE PRIEST
OF ISIS, GODDESS OF
LIFE! THIS IS THE
TEMPLE OF THE GOD
OF DEATH!



AHNKO! THE
MUMMY! IT
IS GONE!

I SEE, NURNA! BUT LOOK...
THE CAT! IT IS TRUE!
OSIRIS HAS PLACED THE
SOUL OF THUR IN THAT
CAT! LET US FLEE QUICKLY
BEFORE WE ARE
DESTROYED!



WHEW, JINKO! WHEN YOU
JUMPED UP INTO THE CASKET,
I WAS SURE THEY'D FIND ME
HERE. BUT NOW-WHAT DID
HAPPEN TO PHARO'S MUMMY?

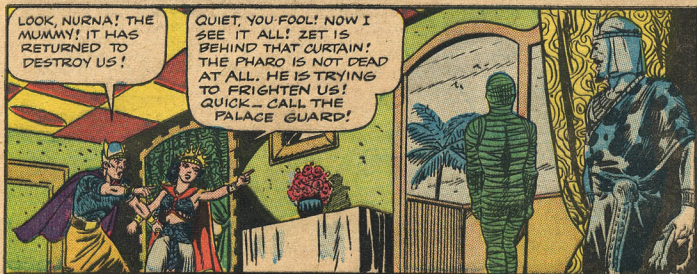
ONCE AGAIN LITTLE NEBA, AMAZED BY AN UNUSUAL HAPPENING IN THE MYSTERIOUS TEMPLE OF OSIRIS, BROUGHT THE STORY BACK TO THE PALACE. THIS TIME HOWEVER, SERVANTS IN THE PALACE TOOK THE STORY INTO THE CITY, WHERE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE BELOVED PHARO'S MUMMY SOON WAS KNOWN TO EVERYONE. AND THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE GATHERED BENEATH THE BALCONY, DEMANDING THAT THE MUMMY BE RETURNED TO ITS RESTING PLACE.

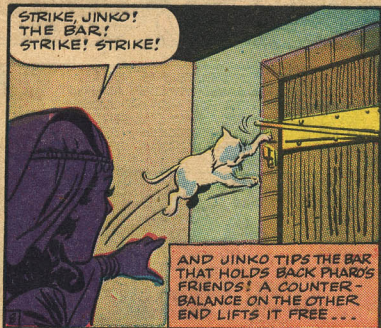
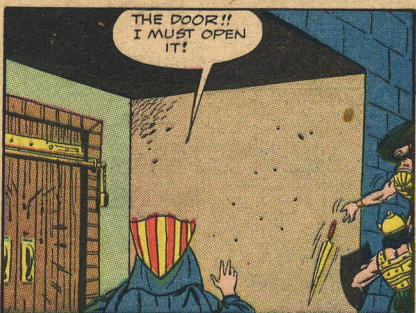
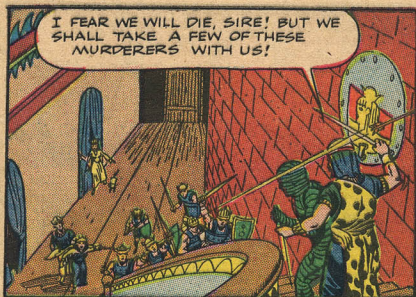
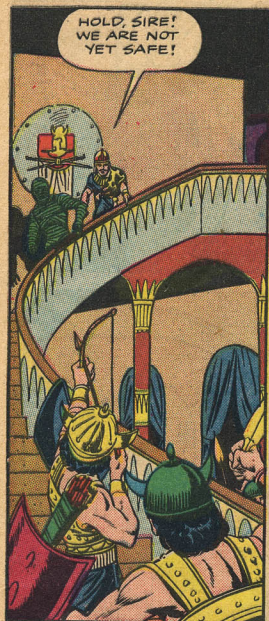
INSIDE THE PALACE,
AHNKO AND NURNA LOOKED
OUT A WINDOW IN FRIGHT...



THINK OF SOMETHING,
AHNKO YOU FOOL, OR
WE ARE LOST!

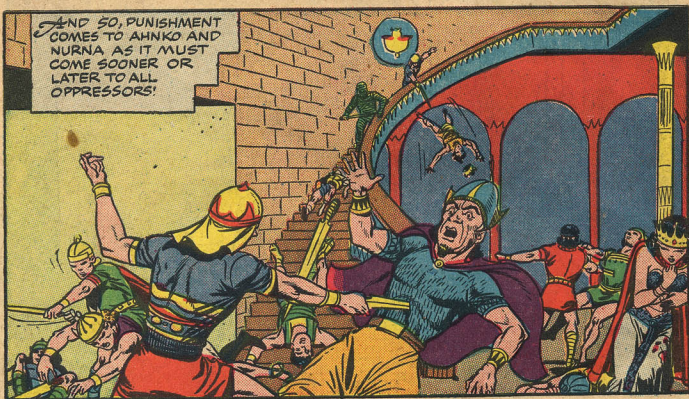
I FEAR WE ARE LOST
REGARDLESS, NURNA!
ONLY THE GODS COULD
SPIRIT THE MUMMY OF
KING THUR FROM THE
LOCKED TEMPLE OF OSIRIS!







AND SO, PUNISHMENT
COMES TO AHNKO AND
NURNA AS IT MUST
COME SOONER OR
LATER TO ALL
OPPRESSORS!



MY BELOVED PEOPLE... THIS IS NEBA!
TWICE HAS SHE SAVED MY LIFE! ALWAYS
I HAVE LOVED HER FOR HER GENTLENESS!
NOW I CLAIM HER AS MY DAUGHTER,
TO BE KNOWN AS PRINCESS NEBA,
SUCCESSOR TO THE THRONE OF
EGYPT!



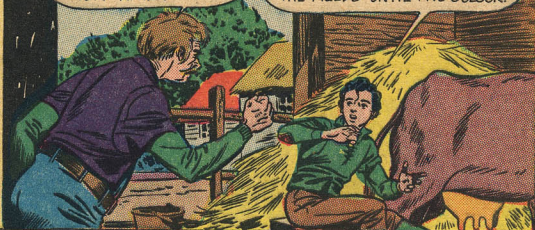


BACK IN THE DAYS OF "WOODEN SHIPS AND IRON MEN" EVERY RED BLOODED BOY DREAMED OF GOING "DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS"

TERRY MANEY WAS NO EXCEPTION. IT ALL STARTED LIKE THIS...

WELL, Y'BEING GOT THE COW'S MILKED YET? WHERE YE BEEN WASTIN' YER TIME?

HONESTLY, MR. NEEDLE, I'VE BEEN WORKING FAST AS I COULD! I WAS WORKING IN THE FIELDS UNTIL FIVE OCLOCK!



WELL, THEN, NOT A BITE OF SUPPER UNTIL YOU FINISH MILKIN' THE COWS! YOU'RE BOUND TO ME, GIVE T'ME LEGAL BY COURT! AN' I'LL SEE THAT Y'EARN YER SUPPER!

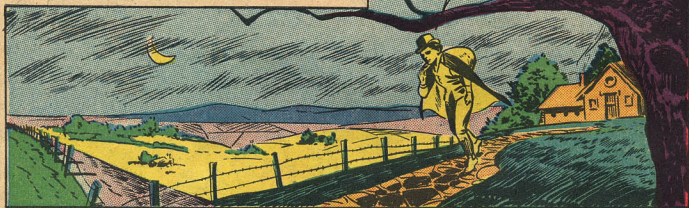
I'LL MILK THEM ALL, MR. NEEDLE, HONEST I WILL!



IN THOSE DAYS THERE WERE BOND MEN, HELD IN SLAVERY BECAUSE OF AN OLD DEBT. TERRY'S FATHER HAD DIED OWING NEEDLE A SMALL SUM ... ONLY SIXTY-THREE DOLLARS... YET THE COURTS OF THAT ERA GAVE TERRY TO THE MEAN-SOULED NEEDLE TO WORK OFF HIS FATHER'S DEBT.

AND SO, THAT NIGHT...

I'M SICK AND TIRED OF WORKING DAY AND NIGHT AND BEING HUNGRY..I'M GOING TO RUN AWAY, SO I WILL!



NO SOONER THAN TERRY REACHES THE DOCK, A JOB IS OFFERED HIM...

HEY THERE, LAD! DO YE WANT A BERTH?

A...A WHAT, SIR?



A BERTH! A BERTH! YOU'RE A CABIN BOY, AREN'T YOU? GET ABOARD IF YE WANT IT! WE SAIL IN FIVE MINUTES!

YES, SIR!



AND SO, BULLY MASON, CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOONER "SOUTH SEAS" HIRES A NEW CABIN BOY...AND TERRY GOES TO SEA. CAP MASON PROVED TO BE A BRUTAL MAN AND MOST OF THE CREW WERE AS BAD. TERRY THOUGHT THEY LOOKED MORE LIKE PIRATES THAN HONEST SAILORS... BUT FIRST MATE TRIG DANIELS WAS A FINE YOUNG FELLOW AND HE AND TERRY STRUCK IT RIGHT OFF...

TRIG TEACHES TERRY THE ART OF BEING A GOOD SAILOR...

THAT'S IT NOW, LAD! GIVE 'ER A POINT MORE TO STARBOARD! THAT'S IT! NOW MIND THE WHEEL, LAD! IF YE HAVE TOO LIGHT A HAND, SHE'LL BREAK LOOSE AND CRACK YER SHINS!

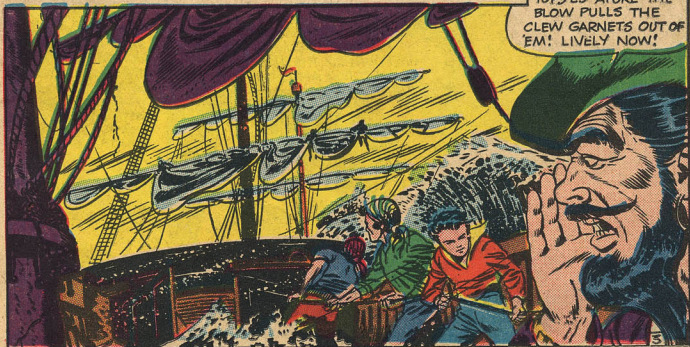


CAREFUL DRAWING THAT BUNTLINE, LAD! THE GREAT SHEET OF CANVAS CAN TEAR YER FINGERNAILS LOOSE WHEN YER FULL SAIL!



TRIG'S TRAINING PROVED A BOON TO TERRY-AND ONE NIGHT WHEN THE BAROMETER FELL LOWER AND LOWER, HE WAS ABLE TO TAKE HIS PLACE ON THE LINES WITH THE OTHER SAILORS...

GIT A MOVE ON, HEARTIES! FURL 'EM TOPS'LS AFORE THE BLOW PULLS THE CLEW GARNETS OUT OF 'EM! LIVELY NOW!



SOMETHING'S WRONG IN THE HOLD, SIR! HEARD WOOD SPLINTERING DOWN THERE! SHOULD I SEND TERRY BELOW TO SEE WHAT'S WRONG?

NO! KEEP HIM OUT O' THE HOLD! SEND HIM FOR A POT O' COFFEE, SIR! I'LL SEND SOMEONE BELOW!



BUT TERRY HEARD THE CONVERSATION AND WHEN HE LEFT THE GALLEY WITH A GREAT POT OF STEAMING COFFEE FOR THE CREW, HE WENT INTO THE HOLD FOR A QUICK LOOK!...



WH-WHY.. THESE BOXES ARE MARKED "SHOVELS"-BUT THEY'RE FULL OF RIFLES!

AHA! A SNOOPER!



OW..OW! YOU'RE HURTING MY ARM!

AYE! AN' IF YE BREATHE A WORD OF WHAT YE'VE JUST SEEN, I'LL SKIN YE ALIVE!



TERRY CALLS ON TRIG...

HE SAID HE'D SKIN ME ALIVE, BUT I WANTED TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE RIFLES, TRIG!

RIFLES MEANS GUN-RUNNING!... AND THAT MEANS TROUBLE! SOMETHIN' FUNNY, LAD, 'CAUSE WE ROUNDED THE HORN AN' WE'RE HEADED FOR AFRICA!



AND THE "SOUTH SEAS" MADE A RECORD RUN... AFTER THE STORM THEY RAN UP THE COAST OF AFRICA, BEATING INTO THE WIND! TRIG WAS STANDING WATCH WHEN TERRY WENT INTO THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN WITH DINNER FOR MASON AND HIS SECOND MATE, MISTER SAMUELS.....

NICE RUN WE MADE, AND WE'LL BE TAKIN' ON A GOOD CARGO. I UNDERSTAND WE'RE GETTING THE BEST LOAD OF BLACK IVORY YOU EVER SAW!

GOOD! THAT MEANS PLENTY OF MONEY IN OUR POKES! WE SHOULD MEET THE DHOW VERY SOON!

AND WE'LL BE MEETING A DHOW SOON, I HEARD THEM SAY! WHAT IS BLACK IVORY, TRIG?

THE MOST VILLAINOUS CARGO A SHIP CAN CARRY, LAD! BLACK IVORY IS JUST PLAIN SLAVES!

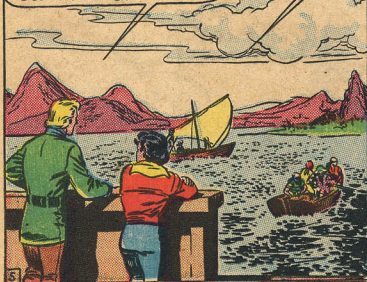


AND SOON THE DHOW WAS SIGHTED! THE SHIPS SINGALLED BACK AND FORTH. AND THEN THE DHOW TURNED AND HEADED FOR THE SHORE RENDEZVOUS. THE CLIPPER "SOUTH SEAS" FOLLOWED...



WELL, LAD, IT'S AS I THOUGHT! BULLY MASON IS SUSPICIOUS OF BOTH OF US SINCE YOU SAW THOSE RIFLES! HE KNOWS WE'RE THE ONLY HONEST MEN ABOARD AND HE'S FIGURING TO SLIT OUR THROATS!

I'M READY TO LEAVE WITH YOU, TRIG, WHEN YOU GIVE THE WORD!



LATE THAT NIGHT, TWO SILENT FIGURES SLIDE QUIETLY INTO THE WATER AND STRIKE OUT FOR SHORE...



WHILE DOWN ON THE BEACH, BULLY MASON MEETS THE SLAVE MASTER, ABDULLAH!...

WELL, ABDULLAH, AND WHAT KIND OF 'MERCHANDISE' HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME THIS TIME?

THE FINEST, EFFENDI! ALL BIG NUBIANS! AND MY RIFLES.. ALL GOOD ONES, I HOPE!



AND SO, THE VILLAINS CELEBRATE THEIR PROFIT IN FLESH AROUND A CAMPFIRE...



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY, TERRY AND TRIG ARE SURVIVING ON TROPICAL FRUITS.

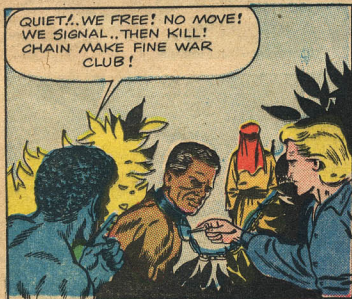
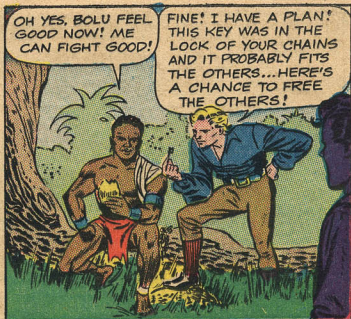


LISTEN, TRIG! SOMEONE'S HURT IN THERE!

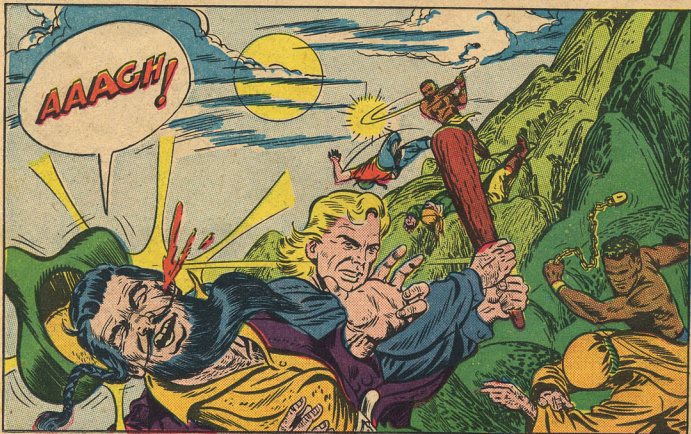
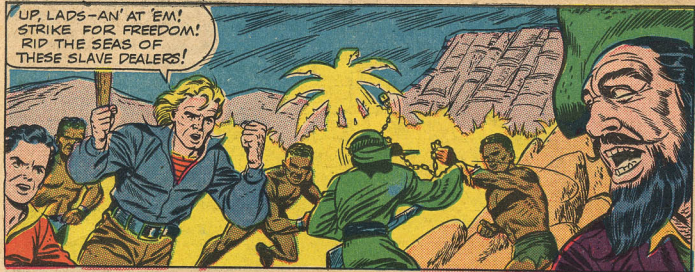
CAUTIOUS, TERRY! I'LL GO FIRST.. I HAVE A PISTOL!

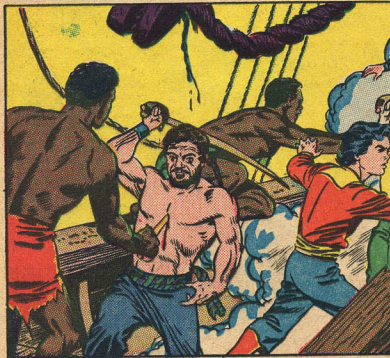
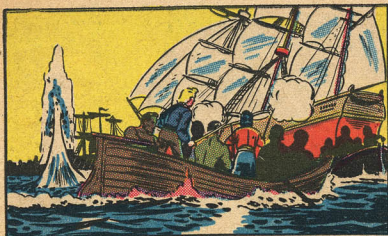


OOHHH!



UP, LADS-AN' AT 'EM!
STRIKE FOR FREEDOM!
RID THE SEAS OF
THESE SLAVE DEALERS!





NOBODY LEFT, TRIG!
GUESS WE CLEANED
THEM OUT!

GOOD! NOW WE'LL PUT
THE TORCH TO THESE
SHIPS AN' WIPE THEM
FROM THE SEA! THEN
WE'LL HAVE TO GET BACK
TO CIVILIZATION!

NO WORRY! BOLU AND
PEOPLE TAKE YOU
HOME... YOU GOOD!

AND BOLU MEANT WHAT HE SAID! HE AND
HIS PEOPLE TOOK TRIG AND TERRY
TO THE NEAREST PORT---LIKE THIS!

YE'D BETTER ENJOY THIS,
LAD! ONCE WE GET BACK
TO CIVILIZATION, YE'LL BE
WALKING AGAIN!



BUSTER BROWN

SHOES FOR BOYS AND
GIRLS OF ALL AGES

As smartly styled as grown-up shoes

Here they are, kids, Buster Brown Shoes, styled just the way you like them... grown-up and smart as paint. There are Buster Brown Shoes for boys and girls who are very, very young, for grown-up high-schoolers, and for all the ages in between. Just take a look at some of the good-looking Buster Brown Shoes shown here. Of course your Buster Brown man has lots more to show you. So be sure to see him when you need new shoes.



Here's the picture of the boy and his dog

It's Buster Brown and his dog, Tige. This is what Smilin' Ed means when he says "Look for the picture of the boy and his dog inside the shoe."